

## Lexington Caucasian.

## BORDER WARFARE IN '64.

## GUERRILLAS AND JAYHAWKERS.

Some Reminiscences of Memorable Days in Missouri.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Kansas City, under date of March 6, furnishes these recollections of dark days on the border.

One of the last acts of the closing campaign of the late President was the passage of a bill granting pensions to the widows and children, dependent mothers and fathers, or orphan brothers and sisters, of those soldiers killed by guerrillas at Centralia, Mo., in 1864. The language of the act seems to indicate that even at this late date the national legislature felt the propriety of making all possible atonement for some

## TERRIBLE DEED OF BLOOD.

To the general public this bare mention of the which is a little notice it has received, will call back a dim picture of the most sanguinary scene in the border warfare of the Southwest. But the story was never fully told, and those who recall distinctly the published details of the butchery, as it was then called, have heard of one side and that only described.

The Centralia affair was the fitting conclusion of the black-flag warfare instituted by Jennison and the jayhawkers on one side and by Quantrell with the guerrillas on the other. Quantrell had, as his lieutenant, Todd, Anderson and Taylor, and each one of them, after serving an apprenticeship with Quantrell, became the leader of a band of his own. Of the four, Taylor is the only one now living. He had an arm shot away in one of the guerrilla fights; the right of one eye was in jeopardy for months by a bullet through his face; one minnie-ball went through his right lung; and on another occasion he received a shot through the remaining arm. Battered and maimed, he still lives, leading a quiet, retired life in one of the interior towns of the state. Quantrell was killed in Kentucky. So long as he led his guerrillas in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and the Indian Nation, he was on vantage ground. In Kentucky he was lost, and being surprised and taken at a disadvantage, went down. Bull Anderson was killed in Ray county. He was riding down the road toward the Missouri river with his band, when he came full upon a brigade of infantry. In accordance with his

order his little band to charge, and bore down on the line with his pack of dare-devils at his heels. The line was broken, and part of the bushwhackers rode through. Anderson, however, did not through, and through with those dead-end of minor projectiles, the minnie balls. After the skirmish, Anderson's body was taken into the town of Richmond, a photographer was hunted up, and a number of pictures of the dead guerrilla were taken. One of these, showing a desperado's broad athletic figure and great shaggy beard, is now kept as a war relic in the State Department at Jefferson City. George Todd, the remaining one of this terrible quartet, went from this city when the war broke out, and out and joined Anderson. He afterwards had a hand of his own, and met his fate leading a wild and reckless charge upon the rear of the Second Colorado Cavalry, during the raid made by the Price troops in 1864. A Spencer rifle-ball struck him full in the jugular vein, and he died in the midst of the charge, with a red jet of the life current spouting from the wound.

Jennison also had his lieutenants—Cleveland, Montgomery and Goss. It would have been fitting if the jayhawkers and guerrillas could have met often, but such was not the case. There were terrible feuds every man of them versed in woodcraft and pluck, perfectly at home in the saddle, and expert marksmen. Each preyed on the unwary and inexperienced of either side, burning and killing with the ruthlessness of savages, and scouting alternately over the border counties of three states and the Indian Nation.

Only once, I think, was there a fair square matched meeting between jayhawkers and guerrillas. It was on November 28, 1864.

## BERRY GOS.

One of Jennison's captains in the famous Fifteenth Kansas Cavalry, otherwise known as the jayhawkers, was previous to the war, a sober, plodding, industrious farmer, living near Hickman's Mills, Missouri. The commencement of hostilities seemed to awaken a dormant element of ferocity in the man's nature. He joined Jennison, and in a month was transformed from a plain, easy-going farmer into an avenging jayhawker. He killed with the same apparent satisfaction as do the most untamable Indians. The retribution for the sack of Lawrence lay in what has since become famous as "Berry's Order No. 11." The order directed the wholesale depopulation of Cass, Bates, Vernon and Jackson counties, as being the haunts of the guerrillas and the homes of their sympathizers. Goss was at the head of one of the bands to whom the execution of this order was tentatively committed. He boasted in a brochure that his own hand had put the torch to fifty-two homes within the limits of these counties, and used to say he was tired of killing. Goss was 35 years of age, a brawny, broad-shouldered, and hard-fisted frontiersman, swaggering in his walk, six feet high, with straggling red hair, and eyes and features which told of desperate courage.

On this 22nd day of November, 1864, Goss and a band of thirty-two jayhawkers rode northward at an easy trot from their camp in the vicinity of Cass Hill, Ark., where they had been on a foray. On Cabin Creek, in Indian Nation, they came full upon Taylor with twenty-seven guerrillas. Taylor was just recovering from the wound which had left him an empty sleeve. There was no fleeing. Both sides prepared

for the charge, and then came together with

## A LITTLE BLACK STEAMER.

Butterflying above each detachment. It was a five minutes' fight with the revolver, a shower of pelting bullets, and then the whole thing was over. Of the thirty-two jayhawkers, twenty-two were dead in the grass when the smoke cleared away. Of the three survivors, one escaped through the bushes of his horse; another, a negro, was taken along with the guerrillas as a servant; the third, on the verge of the negro with a gun, was sent northward to bear the news. Goss fought to the last, and finally, finding his saddle with the blood gushing from three or four terrible wounds, became face to face with Jesse James. The latter called out to the jayhawker to surrender, and out through the clenched teeth came the response: "Never." It took two more bullets to finish the leader of the jayhawkers. The Rev. N. P. Gardner, the Chaplain of the 13th Kansas, was one of the victims in the terrible combat. The ranks of the guerrillas were terribly thinned, and they went on their way southward, a mere handful left to tell of the slaughter, and the bloodiest of the few fair border fights.

## THE CENTRALIA MASSACRE.

was altogether a different sort of affair from this last-described encounter. On the 26th of September, 1864, Bill Anderson, who had been roaming about through the central counties north of the Missouri river, suddenly swooped down from Monroe county into Boone. He had with him 280 men, whom he led according to the plan of the guerrillas. Anderson and his lieutenant, Todd, Anderson and Taylor, were with him as lieutenants. Anderson was in command. Todd's death has been already described. Anderson was killed in the City of Mexico while serving under Juarez against the French. Todd was a man in the southern part of New Mexico. [It is a note-worthy fact, however, that one of these guerrillas ever returned to their old homes in Missouri.] On the night of the 26th of September, Anderson and his party camped quietly at the barn of M. G. Singleton, a wealthy farmer, on two miles southeast of Centralia. On the morning of the 27th the guerrillas rode into Centralia, sacked the town, and then gathered at the depot to await the arrival of the St. Louis train, due at 11 o'clock. There were several detachments of Union soldiers on the train, a few with arms, and some with going home. The guerrillas lined the platform, and the train drew up the soldiers caught glimpses of the slouched hats and matted hair—inevitable belongings of the bushwhackers. Those who had arms crowded to the windows and platforms, and a volley of musketry into the teeth of the guerrillas. The response came from the revolver, and in a few minutes the fire slackened from the train, and the white handkerchiefs fluttered from the windows in token of surrender. The train was cleared of all the living, and the soldiers separated from the civilians. Twenty-four of the guerrillas had survived the murderous fire of the revolver. These, with one citizen who was a soldier's lover, were

## LEAD OUT IN SQUADS AND SHOT DOWN.

Then the town was searched again, and every man against whom the charge of Unionism could be raised was killed. The stores were looted, the contents of grain and merchandise were burned and everything which could in any way give succor to the guerrillas was destroyed. Then the train was set on fire, a full head of steam turned on, the brakes loosened, and away the smoking cars dashed at frantic speed down the new road to Sturgeon. Fifty miles westward. The depot was fired and destroyed, and a gravel-train, coming up before the work of the guerrillas was done, met the same fate. Having completed the work of devastation and done all that satanic ingenuity could suggest, the guerrillas withdrew to Singleton's barn and awaited the consequences. Anderson had lost a number of men in the fight at the depot, but his force was still 200 strong.

## THE NEWS OF THE SACK OF CENTRALIA.

soon reached Paris, in Monroe county, where a great crowd of Centralia, where just coming out of Centralia, where 200 Union cavalry had been in camp, under command of Major Johnson. These troops were specially detailed to look after Anderson, and had been on several scouting expeditions in search of the famous desperado. Johnson brought his men down to the town, and there gained confirmation of the fate which had overtaken Centralia. In the middle of the afternoon Johnson and his men came into the stricken town on a sharp trot.

## WITH RAKES SET FOR THE CONFLICT.

He asked a few questions, gave his men a short rest, and then prepared to start for Singleton's barn. The people of Centralia warned him that he was going out to attack a great crowd of Centralia, where they were gathered to fight. His reputation as a soldier, however, was at stake, and he might as well have walked to the wind. As the troops drew up to their saddle-girths and looked to their weapons, Johnson, with a set lip, ordered the men to attack the crowd down from the little standard, and in its place attached a square of ominous black cloth. As his column formed in line to leave Centralia, a young and beautiful girl ran up to him, and, grasping his bridle-rein, besought him, with streaming eyes, not to go on, saying that she had heard that Anderson had been at the barn, fed their horses, and then fallen back into the timber. Back of the barn was a ridge of open ground, of easy ascent, and beyond the plain, at the bottom of this, the timber in which the guerrillas had taken refuge. As the federals came up the ridge in column of fours, they were met by a scouting party of ten from the guerrillas, under John Thraill, who showed fight. The federals galloped quickly into line and charged up the hill. The scouting party fired briskly a few rounds, and then broke and scattered over the hill. Fleeing with

## AN OPENING SKIRMISH.

the troops broke their line and came

to the summit in the confusion of a

charge. Thraill had gone down the

and the federals reformed, and then

the federals halted, reformed, and then

scouting guerrillas, who maintained

an even distance, retreating only as

they were pursued. Failing in find-

Anderson's men behind the hill, as

they had evidently expected, the

federal troops were thrown off their

guard, and Johnson had trouble in

keeping his line as he went down the

declivity. The federals had kept

within half a mile of the woods when

suddenly Anderson and his men rode

out into view, huddled together as if

in confusion, and dismounted. John-

son, unacquainted with guerrilla

tactics, was again at a loss, and

halted too. Before he could recover

and adopt a course of action, the

bushwhackers were again in their

saddles stretched out into two long

lines with a wide space between, and

walking their horses slowly, with

loose bridle reins, over the prairie

toward Johnson's force. It was

about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and

the guerrillas had the slanting sun

on their backs. Johnson rode along

his line, gave the usual instructions

of "keep cool," "fire low," and so on.

The distance between the two forces

had been cut down to 500 yards,

and Johnson had the order of

"steady—forward!" on his lips, pre-

paratory to the charge, when the

guerrillas, with their trained horses,

without any intermission, broke out

into a full gallop, broke from a walk into a full

gallop, broke from a walk into a full

gallop, and came down on the Union

ranks like a whirlwind. The federals

had no time to advance, and were

taken at the disadvantage of a dead

halt. The Union troops got in one

volley, which emptied four saddles,

and then came the terrible, merciless

fire of the revolvers at close range.

Johnson went down, with his

black flag, among the foremost, shot

through the head. One hundred and

eighty-three of the federals fell dead

before their saddles. Before the front

was broken. In the pursuit which

followed, fifty men were left dead

on the road from the hill. The

guerrillas rode into the woods and

killed. Out of all those 300 troops

only a bare score reached places of

safety. Anderson lost only four

men, those who fell in the charge,

one killed and three disabled and

thrown from the horses. The

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Meeting, the Linneus Bulletin, of

March 19, contains this sketch of

the proceedings of some of the vic-

timaries of the Burlington & South-

ern railroad:

A meeting of the tax-payers of

Linn county, held at the court-

house, Saturday, March 13, 1875.

On motion, Jeremiah Phillips,

Esq., was called to the chair.

On motion, J. W. Still was elected

secretary.

The object of the meeting was

stated by J. C. Slater reading the

call of the Tax-Payers' Convention

of Lafayette county, as published in

the Lexington Caucasian of Feb. 13,

after which he told the meeting that

they had borrowed money to build

other people's fortunes, for which

they had received no equivalent, and

permitted the party to borrow

interest upon said money all the

way from twelve and a half per cent

up to twenty.

On motion, it was resolved to send

one delegate to Jefferson City to the

State Convention to be held March

30.

On motion, Jas. C. Slater was

elected as delegate from Linn county

to represent the three townships.

On motion, Judge Neece was

chosen alternate.

On motion, a committee of one

from each township was appointed

to raise funds for the necessary

expenses of the delegates. Com-

mittees—Larkin Wise, L. W. Clark

and Joseph Holbrook.

Speeches were made by F. M.

Turner, L. Wise, A. Cairns, C. Hale

and others, nearly all of which were

in favor of instructing for repudia-

tion, all of which was finally left

with the delegates.

On motion, the Linneus Bulletin,

Republican and Gazette were re-

quested to publish the proceedings

of this meeting.

JERRE PHILLIPS, Chm'n.

J. W. STILL, Sec'y.

We premise according to our hopes,

and perform according to our fears.

"If I was a boy, now," mused a

boy, as he struggled up the street

steps. "I'd be a soldier, and I'd

be a soldier, and I'd be a soldier,

and I'd be a soldier, and I'd be a

soldier, and I'd be a soldier, and I'd

be a soldier, and I'd be a soldier,

and I'd be a soldier, and I'd be a

soldier, and I'd be a soldier, and I'd

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